

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Beneath The Surface

With Al Male

"JUST look at that," said a friend of mine, "absolute rubbish, and they had the cheek to charge me five shillings for it. . . . I could have got it for a couple of shillings pre-war and a damn sight better quality."

"Well, of course, there IS a war on," said someone, "things are bound to be dearer and almost sure to be inferior."

"That may be," replied my friend, "but, honestly, now, don't you think yourself that this thing, including cost of production, middleman's profits, retailers' profits, tax and every darn thing could have been sold at half of what I paid?"

"It COULD have been, no doubt," said another, "but you forget that the opportunity of getting rich quick is so easy, that it would take a very honest man to ignore it."

"Then there are mighty few honest men in business," replied my friend, "in fact, I'm beginning to think that to be a successful business man one must shut one's eyes to dishonesty."

The urge to make large profits is very hard to resist and the question almost arises "Can a business be run on Christian lines?"

Demand exceeds supply and people are so eager to purchase that they will offer fabulous sums or ridiculous prices to get possession. Can anyone be blamed for "cashing in" on the state of affairs? Well, it's all a matter of one's conscience, and the stark fact remains that if a man wants to be a Christian and remain in business, he CAN be . . . and still be successful.

He will never become a millionaire, but it will be because he has no desire to be . . . being a Christian does not strangle one's business ability, on the other hand, it even leaves a man clearer minded, because he is not tied up in all the dishonesty.

Let's see what makes "successful" business as it is called. Isn't it usually, the accumulation of a fortune, regardless?

Admitting that competition demands competitive prices, and competitive prices somehow or other seem to demand cut-price wages . . . and admitting that clever buying is an essential in order that a commodity can be sold at a competitive price, and that clever buying very often means purchasing at an incredibly low price . . . at a sweated labour price, either in this country or in another, where wage rates are very low.

Admitting this to be the so-called reason, isn't the actual reason because directors and shareholders want more and larger profits . . . and that the public rush for the lowest priced commodities so that they can get more for their money.

And that more for your money certainly means more at the expense of others, who are getting less.

Where commodities are machine produced, mass production and non-stop production plant must mean cheaper production costs.

Couldn't the people who work

the machines, in fact, who are more or less part of the machines and in many cases driven almost soulless . . . couldn't THEY have more money to counteract the monotony of their work?

And where commodities are hand-made—and there are still many which are—should it be necessary for one section of the community to have to work in cellars and go nearly blind because they have to slave a whole day to make enough to exist on—should it?

I know of shirt-makers who were paid at the generous rate of one and six a shirt, for shirts which were sold in the West End at West End prices, and I know of tailors who made a whole suit for less than a pound, and saw the same suit labelled anything up to five pounds, when they passed the ornate shop of the national "benefactor" in men's wear.

I also know a tailor whose name is a household name, who runs a super-factory, and looks after his employees so well that whole families work for him, and whenever a member comes eligible for employment, the one desire is to work at this factory.

His products are of the very best, both with regard to cloth and workmanship—his clientele embraces all classes.

I also know a man who has decided to run his factory on Christian lines. He told me that it meant a great many changes, and the hardest change of all was the change that he had to make in HIS OWN ideas.

He had to remember that his employees were human like himself, and he made a point of getting to know them—what a lot he learned. He learned why so-and-so wasn't satisfied, and consequently not doing his best. He learned the domestic troubles, and the ambitions of those whom he had never bothered to look at.

He learned that, though he was the boss, he wasn't such a "big-shot" when it came to character, but he had joined the group I mentioned some time ago, and there was no turning back.

If he wanted to get things straight for himself then he had to straighten out a few of the injustices which had unknowingly been reducing production.

What's the result? Satisfied employees, doing better work and more, for more money. Conscience-satisfied employer producing the best type of commodity which cannot be beaten where quality is demanded, and selling at a competitive price WITH LESS PROFIT.

It CAN be done when GREED is eliminated. Greed causes high rents for owners, who just sit back and live on their rents, and thereby increase the overheads of their tenants to outrageous heights. Greed of profits, so that no cut must ever be made which might mean slight loss of luxury—the only cut being at the other end where luxury is unknown and even decent comfort a complete stranger.

Cheerio and good hunting!

Long ago Sunday

St. Margaret had the fleas!

Says C. N. Doran

FOR some time now churches have been removing their ancient registers to places of safety from bombs, and many new facts, some of them quite amazing, are being revealed.

In many cases the registers which have not been opened for years.

Some of them are so valuable that after the war they will be placed in the Record Office, in Chancery Lane; others will be handed over to the Historical Manuscripts Commission.

In the old days the parish churches of England were put to a variety of secular uses which are not tolerated now.

Coroners conducted inquests in the porches; annual meetings for auditing the parochial accounts were held in the nave or chancel; ale was brought in and drunk at the meetings.

In a parish register at Reading there is an entry, dated 1506: "Fourpence to Marcell for making the church cleane agaynst the day of drynking in the said church." In a Cambridge register is the entry: "Two shillings for wine at the Audiet in the Chauncell."

A most revealing record is concerned with the now fashionable St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

It is dated 1610, and states that fivepence was paid "to the goodwyfe Wells for salt to destroy the fleas in the churchwarden's pew."

More salt was also scattered about other parts of the church, where fleas abounded.

Many "respectable" people had fleas in those days.

During the Civil War soldiers often camped in churches, and they didn't always leave tidiness when they left. At Loughborough, Leicestershire, there is an entry dated 1644 in which it is related that half-a-crown was needed "for dressing the Church after the Soldiers, and for frankincense to sweeten it."

Fred Kitchen tells how— "FORECAST WEATHER BY FOLK-LORE"

"I'LL blow some rain up!" answered Shep, to the query about the weather, adding, "Wind in the south, water up to t'mouth."

Shep is a store-house of weather-lore. In fact, all the farm men are steeped in "sayings" for every change of the weather.

The curious thing is that most of these country "sayings" are in rhymed couplets, the reason being that when reading and writing were very little practised, it helped people to remember useful knowledge by having it handed along in rhyme.

The most important "sayings" seemed to concern the direction of the wind, and so we have:—

"When the north wind doth blow, then we shall have snow."
"When the wind is in the east, 'tis neither good for man nor beast."

"When the wind sits in the west, secure your thatch ere you go to rest."

The farm-worker, depending so much on the weather, has brought in most of its different moods to be rhymed upon; and, forecasting the day's weather, says:—

"Evening grey and morning red, will pour down rain upon your head," or "Evening red and morning grey, will set the traveller on his way."

Of course, his rhymes sometimes miss the mark, but

THE DOG WATCH.

In Ludlow they had a man whose duty it was to see that no dogs entered the sanctuary. His name was Edward Humfries, and the entry says he was paid one penny, "his wage for keeping the doggs oute the church."

It may not be generally known that Archbishop Laud introduced altar rails and screens for the purpose of keeping dogs away from the Holy Table, where the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was celebrated. The presence of the bread and wine was a temptation to the wild dogs that roamed everywhere.

A source of income for many wardens was the payment for burial within the churches. Because of this practice the buildings in time became pest-houses for the living, and many were the outbreaks of plague during the 16th and 17th centuries.

Up to the end of the 18th century it was customary for the corpse to be buried simply in a shroud. Only the wealthy had coffins. Each parish provided a shell or coffin to rest on the bier, and the body was lifted from it into the grave.

In the Church of St. Alphege, London Wall, there is an entry penned in a scrawly hand, and dated 1569: "Pd five shillings for a newe coffin for use by the Parish."

The visit of Queen Elizabeth to Warwick is commemorated by the record in the Church of St. Nicholas, where it is related that in 1558 eightpence was paid to the ringers of the bell "for brede and ayle at the general prosession for quyne elsa-bethe."



Mother's doing your Home Job, A.B. Richard McDermott

JUST glance at Mrs. McDermott's clock on the mantel-shelf at 40, Tintern Street, Salford, Lancs.

If it is bright and shining with new gold paint, you can bet that one of her sons is coming home. It may be submariner A.B. Richard McDermott, or perhaps one of his brothers, Maurice, or Michael.

It was Richard that started all this. On his first leave, he touched up the clock and its cavalier figures, and now, when either of the boys come home, Mrs. McDermott gets the house spruced up and out comes the gold paint to put this final touch.

This honour is only for the boys. Sister Gladys, age 23, is a war-worker and makes aircraft parts, and young Christina is still at school.

All's well at home, Richard, and Mother, Gladys and Christina all join in sending you their fondest love. Good Hunting!

THE DAYS OF RUSHES.

In those far-off days churches did not have paved or wooden floors. The hard ground was simply strewn with rushes, and one entry of 1493 states that a London church paid three pence "for ye burdens of Russhys for the new pews."

Up till the 15th century the belief prevailed that the ringing of church bells would disperse storms and lightning.

There have come to light many entries under this head, one of them being from the town of Sandwich.

There was a great storm at Sandwich in 1464, and the bell-ringers were ordered to ring the bells all night. For this they received three pence "for bred and drynk for ringing in the great thunderyng."

Thoughts for Sunday

We have in England a particular bashfulness in everything that regards religion.

Addison.

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

William Blake.

I throw myself down in my chamber, and I call in and invite God and his Angels thither, and when they are there, I neglect God and his Angels for the noise of a fly, for the rattling of a coach, for the whining of a door.

John Donne.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast lent, But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need, Give us to build above the deep intent

The deed, the deed.

John Drinkwater.

All love is lost but upon God alone.

William Dunbar

(1465-1530).

We hand folks over to God's mercy, and show none ourselves.

George Eliot.

Are we not formed, as notes of music are, For one another, though dissimilar.

Shelley.

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

ends to the calends of May."

Then comes a supplication for rain before spring-sowing begins, in "February fill dyke—either with black or white" (meaning rain or snow), and having got the land well soaked in February, he greets March with, "A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom."

April seems to have escaped the rural rhymester, and he passes on to "A wet May, plenty of corn, not much hay."

Having got all his sowing done, he says of his growing crops, "A dripping June keeps things in tune," and after June no amount of rhyming will help the year to good or bad, so we skip to November with:—

"If there's ice before Martlemas that will bear a duck, there'll be nothing come after but sludge and muck."

Along with the weather rhymes, the farm men look to their animals as weather prophets, and Shep's particular animals always skip about and shake their fleeces against a coming storm.

Bill's horses, too, behave in a similar way, and if a horse shakes itself when harnessed and the chains all give a rattle, Bill comments "Ther's rain about!"

Hara-Kiri Ceremonies— and why

(J. V. Guerter explains)

WHEN American soldiers finally cleared up Attu Island, in the Aleutians, they were astonished and a little horrified to come across groups of Japanese soldiers who had killed themselves with grenades. What astonished them most, perhaps, was not that these men had preferred to blow a hole in their chests to fighting to the last, but the cold-blooded way in which they had destroyed themselves.

In several cases, the first and even second grenade held to the head had failed to explode. The soldier had simply picked up another, preferably a captured American one, and gone on until he destroyed himself.

Probably no sane person except a Jap could kill himself in the painful, slow and crude way demanded by hara-kiri. Ceremonial suicide represents the whole enormous gulf between the culture of Japan and the culture of the civilised world.

In Japan, self-destruction in certain circumstances is highly honoured, and the Japanese boy is educated to its gruesome ritual from his earliest years, in much the same way as a Briton is educated to be a "good loser."

THE YOUNG IDEA.

William Plomer, who knows the Japanese character so well, tells the story of a small boy who, on his way home from school, threatened a shop-keeper. His father heard of it, and after telling the child that he had dishonoured the family, bade him commit hara-kiri.

The whole ceremonial was gone through to the point where the boy was about to plunge the sword into his body, when he was told to stop, and his father, now smiling, told him that, having faced death, he would never fear it again.

The Jap who decides for some reason to commit hara-kiri does not go away quietly and destroy himself. On the contrary, he may invite friends to witness the deed, and will certainly instruct his closest one, or perhaps his son, to stand over him with a sword so that, if he fails to go through with it, his head may be struck off.

Then he bathes, puts on a clean kimono, wraps a white cloth round the hilt of a ceremonial sword, kneels down, and, pushing the sword into his left side, brings it across to his right and then upwards.

He should not collapse until this is completed, and his friend with the sword, seeing any sign of weakness, would strike his head off.

To anyone from outside Japan it is revolting, but in the past British diplomats have had to watch the ceremony carried out by officers who purposely or accidentally had "insulted" them.

Under battle conditions this elaborate ceremonial is not possible, and the Japanese prefers to shoot himself or blow himself up with a grenade.

Jap prisoners are extremely rare, and are nearly always men too sick or badly wounded to destroy themselves. The Americans took only a few hundred prisoners on Guadalcanal. The total for the whole war probably does not run into more than a thousand or two.

The Japanese also commit suicide by ordinary methods—poison, jumping in front of railways and throwing themselves off precipices being favourite ones.

The suicide rate is the highest in the world, and no day passes without a sensational one being featured in the papers.

Sensational double suicides by couples who, for one reason or another, cannot marry, are weekly events. Sentimental girls are apt to make newspaper clippings of them.

Given the Japanese attitude towards life, or rather death, it is all logical, even if it robs Japan of the services of hundreds of her finest men every year.

WHY THEY DO IT.

The philosophy behind hara-kiri, briefly, is the idea, implied in "bushido," that all means are justified to an end, and that failure is the unforgivable sin or stain on the honour. This stain can be wiped out by hara-kiri, an honourable act.

After the American air raid on Tokyo in 1942, a number of officials concerned in the defences committed hara-kiri. The shadow of the American planes had passed over the Emperor's palace and their honour was stained!

A man charged with the care of the Emperor's portrait in a public building or school who allowed it to be destroyed or burned could only wipe out the stain by hara-kiri.

A man may commit hara-kiri simply because his superior officer has done so. And hara-kiri may be used as a threat—to perform the deed on the doorstep of someone with whom you have had a difference proves you are right!

It might be supposed that this determination at self-destruction shows great courage. But it has been shown the Jap can retreat and run as other men do, and most of the stories of pilots deliberately crashing planes on ships, and so on, have been ill-founded. The Japs who kill themselves realise they must be defeated. Better to kill oneself than be defeated!

Hara-kiri is, in fact, the final closing of the eyes, the refusal to face facts. Those who know the Japanese well believe that when the Allied Forces approach Japan there will be self-destruction by the Japanese on an unprecedented and horrifying scale.

Possibly this will have its effect on the survivors, who may recognise the custom for the barbaric and senseless thing it is.



Somebody had a hope
when he opened this
Inn on the Wareham
Dorchester Road

CASHING IN ON INSECTS

BUTTERFLIES and frogs are helping to win the war. 70,000 frogs were recently wanted for Government research work and were supplied from a Cornish frog farm. 40,000 butterflies were wanted for experiments in proofing war material—and Mr. L. W. Newman, the Bexley Heath butterfly farmer, took them out of stock.

It was just one of his routine orders. The Cabbage White butterfly is normally a pest, but when the wings of 10,000 were wanted for try-outs in producing a certain dye, Mr. Newman obliged. A rush request came from New Zealand for 50,000 chrysalises of a certain species of moth. They were dispatched by return.

In the summer thousands of butterflies live on the trees in Mr. Newman's plantation—and each tree is enveloped entirely in muslin bags so that the insects shall not escape.

No less strange is the money Miss Bernice Warner has turned over in worms. Hearing that worms aerated soil so well that it was never necessary to fertilize or water worm-infested lawns, she bought 25,000 worms to prove it.

Maybe you can guess what happened. The worms multiplied. Miss Warner reckons that she now has several million playing around in her half-acre field. Fifty worms will produce 7,500 in one month—and their owner sells £1,000 worth a year.

A rival worm farmer, Mr. Richard Bilkosky, sells his worms at 125 for 2/6d. and finds a ready demand among fishermen and colleges who use the worms for—well, you'll never guess—dissection in anatomy classes.

One of his worms appeared in a Marx Brothers picture. And even to fix this Mr. Bilkosky had to step ahead of some anxious rivals, for no less than a dozen Hollywood firms supply insects for movies.

"If it breathes we'll have it by to-morrow morning!" says



Can You Observe?

Look at this picture for one minute, then try and see how many of the articles in it you can remember. Write the articles down, and then check back with the picture. It's astonishing how much is SEEN, but not OBSERVED.

Geo. Nixon's column of Photo-News

LESLIE BURCH, ace camera-man of the "Sunday Pictorial," has recently written several articles in the newspaper and photographic weekly journals on Press Photographer versus Photo-Reporter.

Some of his views seem to have upset quite a number of so-called Photo-Reporters, if the "Letters to the Editor" column in these periodicals is anything to go by.

The general trend of Burch's views appears to be that the two jobs should officially be kept separate. Burch, however, makes a possible exception to the rule. He thinks that in certain cases it would be O.K. for a photographer or reporter to volunteer to do both jobs. For instance, it may so happen that an important story may break and there may be no available man to cover the counterpart of the assignment. In this case, Burch says, "So well and good, provided that he be sufficiently remunerated."

I am inclined to agree with Mr. Burch, but I think we should make allowances for possible developments in the future. May I remind you that before the last war car-driving was a skilled job and only a few were expert enough to earn their living by it. Before this war, flying a plane was a job on its own, and very few pilots would undertake to couple the business of flying with any other work.

After the war, it is quite likely that flying will have reached such a stage of simplicity that it will no longer be necessary for a photographer to be flown by a specialised pilot.

You see my point, I hope. After the war, photography may have become so mechanised, what with exposure meters, range-finders, and what-nots, that it would be possible for anyone to make technically good negatives.

If this should happen, it might be possible for a trained reporter with a good news sense to do both jobs very successfully.

If you care to think this over you may find that it could possibly apply to practically any profession or trade.

THE Board of Trade recently announced that there will soon be an increase in the

a sign in the insect and reptile store of Stafford Beckinson. He was recently asked for 1,000 cockroaches—and filled the order. He raided the cellars of a condemned warehouse, shovelled cockroaches by the hundred into glass jars—and made £80 on the deal!

A. Slade

quota of films and bromide paper allotted to the dealers.

The facts are that, while existing control continues, the quota for photographic goods is raised from 7½ per cent. of pre-war supplies, which has been the amount obtainable during the past year, to 12½ per cent. for the next six months.

It will be realised, therefore, that although this extra 5 per cent. is a welcome addition, even if the manufacturers are able to supply the material, it is still only 12½ per cent. of the pre-war amount. Nevertheless, it is a step in the right direction that every photographer will appreciate.

A UNIQUE exhibition of photographs was opened in March at the Camera Club, 11 Grosvenor Street, London, W.1. The exhibition was organised by photographic members of the Royal Air Force, and had outstanding pictorial and technical qualities.

All the pictures were by cameramen of the R.A.F., who, in pursuit of their regular operational reconnaissance and other routine official work, had had opportunities of noting pictorial compositions and effects. The exhibition indicated how the urge for making pictures whilst fulfilling Service requirements has asserted itself.

The prints demonstrated that whatever aspect of the air war the men had been recording, and in whatever part of the world, news sense and art were balanced. The exhibition, which received official recognition, was, I hope, but the first of many to follow.

Sunday Thoughts

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.
Keats, "Endymion."

His religion is at best an anxious wish—like that of Rabelais, a great Perhaps.
Carlyle.

The solitary monk who shook the world
From pagan slumber, when the gospel trump
Thunder'd its challenge from his dauntless lips
In peals of truth.
Robert Montgomery,
"On Luther."

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call
Death.
Longfellow.

He's stupid, but he's stream-lined

(Says J. S. Newcombe)

ASK people the difference between a camel and a dromedary and the answer will be that a camel has two humps and a dromedary has one. They've seen them at the Zoo and they know.

But they haven't got it quite right. Two humps or one, the beasts are all camels. The Arabian camel is a one-humped, streamlined model, that is, trained for racing in his native land, and can move faster than a horse.

Camelus dromedarius is the family name, or dromedary for short.

A supercilious, heavy-lidded creature, as you've noted, who looks as though he doesn't believe a word men say, and is fittingly scornful of the human race. He can support this attitude with a swift, savage bite when you are looking the other way. It's all a point of view, because we've got an even lower opinion of him.

Here is what Sir F. Palgrave says about the camel: "He is from first to last an undomesticated and savage animal, rendered serviceable by stupidity alone, without much skill on his master's part or any co-operation on his own, save that of extreme passiveness."

"Neither attachment nor even habit impress him; never tame, though not wide-awake enough to be exactly wild."

Just before the war, King Ibn Saud, of Saudi Arabia, presented four thoroughbred racing camels to the London Zoo. One was white, another black, a third beige, and the fourth brown.

Only two survived, and they produced a baby the following year.

Baby camels are always ungainly looking creatures, but this dromedary calf, bred for speed, looked all legs.

He was about 3ft. high at birth, and could walk under his mother's body with ease.

His father, named Sheikh, had the unusual experience of being trained to give rides to young visitors; the two-humped Bactrian camel is generally used for this purpose.

The dromedary is a more comfortable mount for initiated riders, but it walks with a pronounced swaying motion, which is rather alarming for children.

J. S. Newcombe's Short odd—but true

Benefit of Clergy allowed offending clergymen to escape punishment by ordinary courts and be dealt with by the bishop's court. In Tudor times the privilege was extended to everybody who could read. Ben Jonson took advantage of this easy ordeal after he had killed a man in a duel. Elizabeth drastically curtailed the privilege, and in 1827 Benefit of Clergy was abolished altogether.

Knighthood was once exclusively a military order, common in Europe since the Middle Ages. In Great Britain the four main orders of knighthood are those of the Garter, the Bath, the Thistle and St. Patrick; in addition to which there are several other orders, including the Order of St. Michael and St. George, the Star of India, etc. There are also Knights Bachelors, such as are not associated with any other order.

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe



PHILATELISTS are already shaping their plans for the post-war years. This is being done less in a spirit of rivalry and more in a spirit of co-operation and mutual help. They think of philately as a world movement, and seek ways and means of collectors helping one another by exchange of material and news.

This cultural aspect is dominant in the new Inter-Allied Philatelic Fellowship now being formed in London. The Fellowship is an outcome of the contacts made between British philatelists and the large number from the colonies and occupied Europe now in this country. It is essentially an international body.

Mr. J. Tauber, the secretary of the Czechoslovak Philatelic Society, who ran the very successful Czechoslovak stamp exhibition recently, is the driving power behind the plan.

"The general idea," he told me, "is for overseas members, when they return to their own countries, to promote contact with collectors in Britain who are particularly interested in that country's stamps. The exchange of philatelic material and stamps will be made through a central secretariat. We shall set up separate units, or chapters, for France, Poland, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Norway, Greece, Yugoslavia, China, and U.S.A."

"I hope, too, that periodical bulletins will be issued and arrangements made for the supply of first day covers to those who want them—and most collectors do. Specialists and study circles could exchange ideas, and we envisage a series of conventions to be held in the countries which are part of the Fellowship."

"I feel this idea will appeal particularly to the collector-readers of 'Good Morning,' the idea of a cultural service for all people through the medium of stamps. If any of the 'boys' will write to me, I'll be only too happy to let them know more about the Fellowship."

You can address Mr. Tauber, c/o Messrs. Keens, Shay, Keens and Co., Bilbao House, New Broad St., London, E.C.2, or through me at "Good Morning."

I'll be returning to this matter shortly.

The stamps of German-occupied countries continue to trickle in to Britain. Illustrated here is a charity issue from Serbia, which was published in October, 1941, but I don't think anyone in this country has seen copies before now. The allegorical designs are anti-Jew and anti-Freemason, and must be German-inspired.



The war set from the Jugo-Slav puppet state of Croatia was issued last year to commemorate the glorious victories of the Nazis, among whom was numbered the Croatian Legion, in Russian territory.



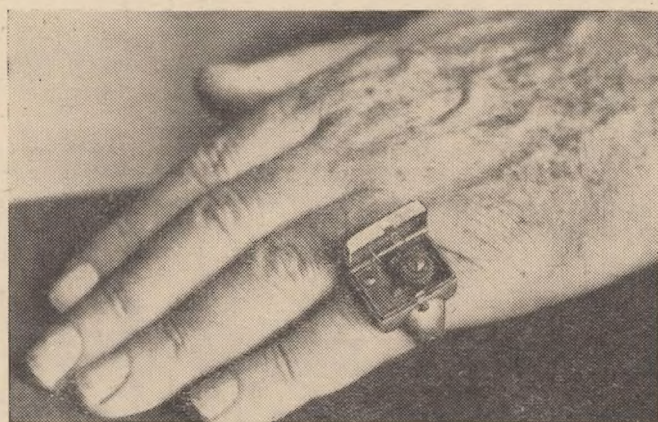
This would have been all right had the Russians not turned the tables on the enemy and thrown out the Nazis and the Croatian Legion. The designs show a sailor at the Sea of Azov, an airman above Sebastopol, infantry in battle at Stalingrad (they are advancing in the picture!), and tanks on the Don. The set was photogravure-printed at Zagreb.

Good Morning

Trying to make life "easier"



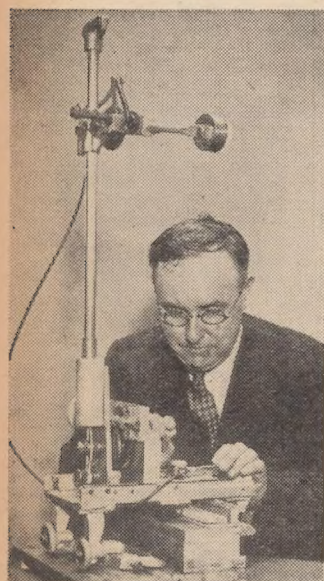
A shaving brush with soap combined, designed for people who travel. A new kind of "rolling stock," presumably.



An automatic lighter. Now what happens if the darned thing "goes up" when you're feeling for your wallet?



The Inventor's Club. Members discussing new gadgets. Apparently, no improvements are required as far as the drinks are concerned.



A mechanical window cleaner. Very economic. Takes one man to watch the machine, and (we presume) one man to watch the window-cleaner.

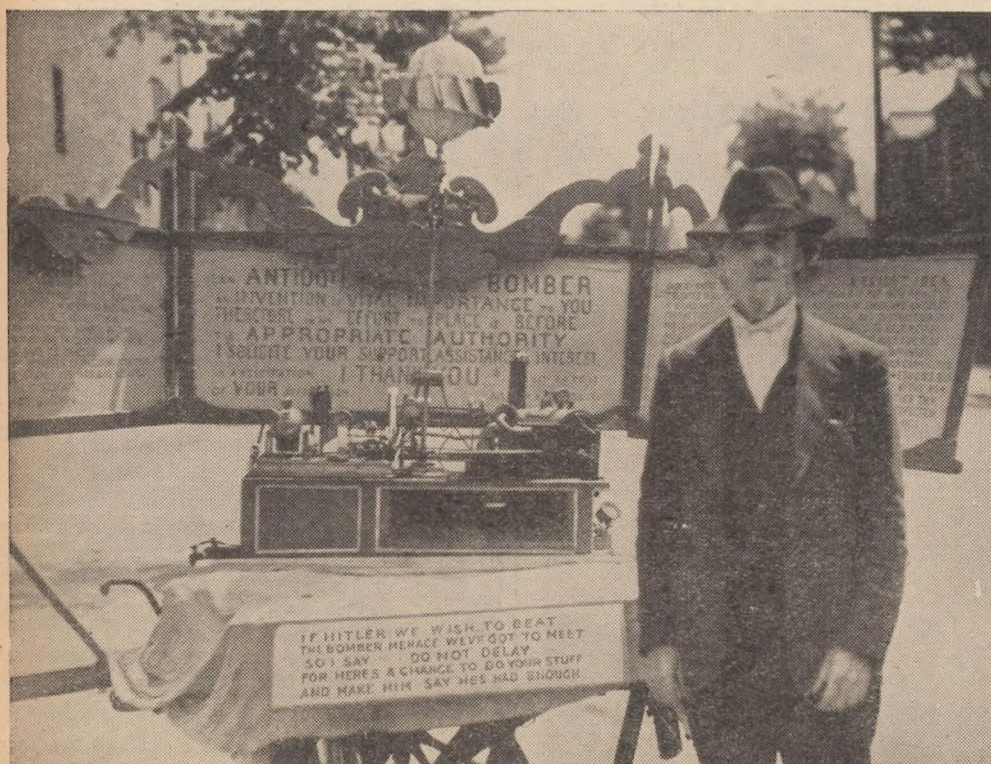


An oil-lamp heater with radiator and automatic fan to circulate heat. Surely someone could have found an extra use for the light itself; besides, the job of illuminating.



Steel cable shoelaces. Unbreakable? Sure! But suppose you can't undo the knots: do you go to bed with your shoes on?

★ Sorbo pads for tired feet. If you wear high heels, you can't fit this gadget. If you wear flat heels, then you don't need the darned thing!



An anti-bomber device. The inventor's claims seem to us to be much taller than his apparatus.



Now, this is really sensible. Not on'y prevents you from bumping into a lamp-post, but also prevents a collision with the wife.